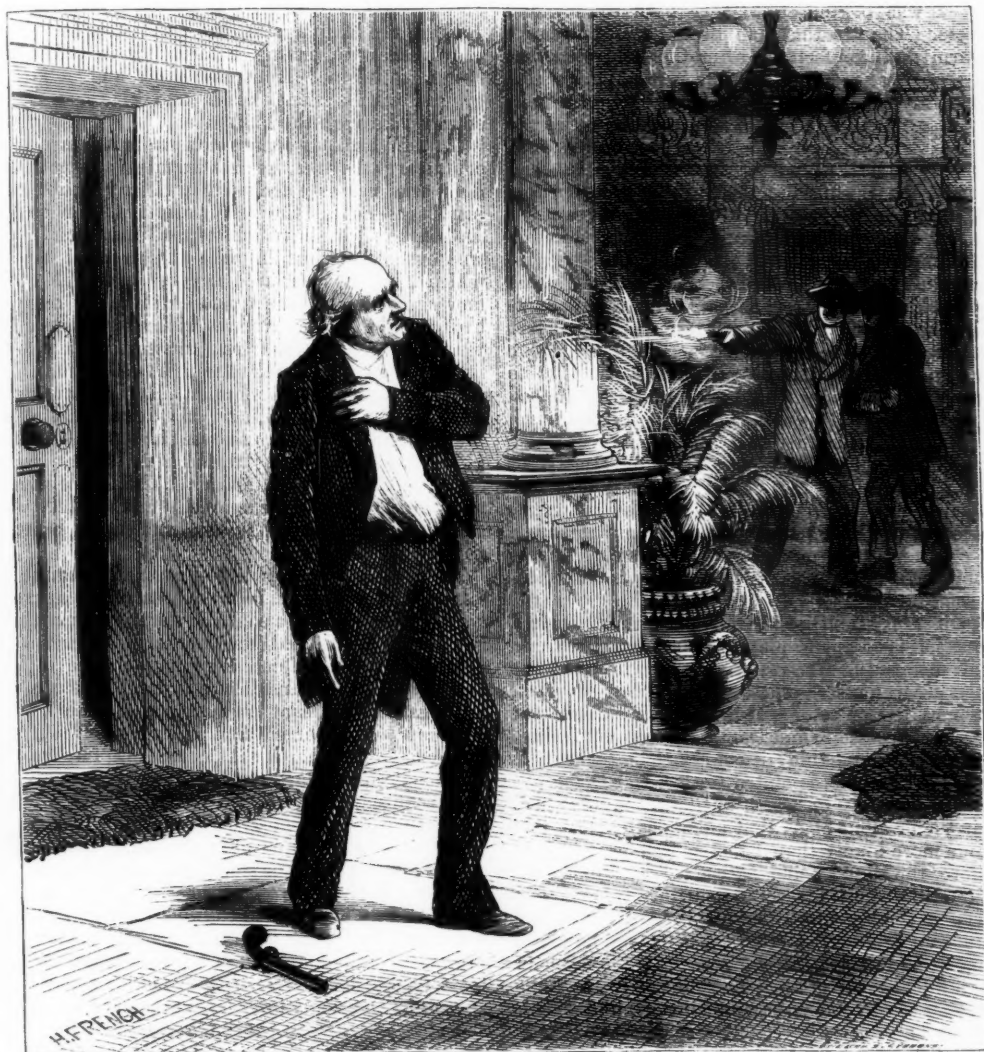


THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Couper.*



PAT WOUNDED BY THE HOUSEBREAKERS.

A YOUNG WIFE'S STORY.

CHAPTER XXI.

WAS it Victor? His image was so vividly before me that, after vainly looking round for the outline of his tall figure, I put back the drapery of the bed, almost expecting him to be concealed behind it. Ashaded lamp burning on a distant table soon enabled me to discover my mistake, and as reality drew me out of dreamland, and my waking senses became

more distinct, the unlikelihood of his presence was confirmed by the recollection that he had gone with Demarcay to Ivy Cottage. The danger attending the undertaking struck me all at once. Whilst under the influence of hazy impressions that point had been overlooked; only now, that reason was beginning to act, did I perceive that firearms at night might be as perilous to those who defend as to those who attack. Such ruffians as I supposed Victor and Demarcay were gone to encounter would not stop at a trifle,

and a trifle to them would be the life of any man who might try to capture them. They would think nothing of a deliberate aim at a fellow-creature if by that means they could make their escape, even though a greater danger awaited them afterwards. These musings—mere suppositions at first—speedily grew into a great terror. No longer able to remain quiet, I quitted my bed and sank down on a low couch just within the circle of light proceeding from the small silver lamp Adams had left burning, which, however, made little impression upon the rest of the room. I was beginning to fear both shadow and darkness. The fire that had been kindled to make me warm and comfortable after the long walk was nearly out; two red spots, however, remained, which put into my head to try and revive it. Carefully piling up a few coals so as to admit sufficient air to coax it to burn, I cowered down on the hearth, feeling uneasy as well as chilly. The courage that had supported me throughout the evening was entirely spent, and the dreariness of being alone was so great that shame only prevented me from summoning Adams. Provokingly obstinate, the fire remained dull; no blaze would come, and the room seemed colder and darker, as shivering from apprehension and discomfort I sent some timid glances into the remotest corners. Not accustomed to indulge in imaginary fears, it was not difficult at first to attribute those that oppressed me now to what I had gone through this evening, having been too much under their influence to subside easily into a sensible state of mind. I should have rebuked Hubert or Nora for being afraid to be alone, and now, because the house was still, as it ought to be when its inmates were in bed, I was restless, shrinking into a heap on the hearthrug instead of reposing where common sense and the desire for comfort would naturally send me.

Was it fancy? One of those tricks an excited imagination is so apt to play; but even as I glanced around, meditating a retreat to my bed, it struck me that the air was not so still as it had been—in fact, that something or some one was moving about the house. Perhaps Victor and Demarcay were returning. That idea was untenable; it could not be them. The hand of the time-piece pointed to two, and Demarcay proposed remaining on watch until the day dawned. Was it Victor alone? At that moment the clock told the hour more loudly than I had ever observed it to do before, the sound being succeeded by a palpable painful stillness as the echoes died away, and then followed a ticking more distinct than usual, which beat upon my brain in tones of warning. What had come over me? Was I dreaming, or was some mysterious subtle influence acting upon me, forcing me to think that something beyond common chances and events was going on somewhere. The notion fixed itself almost into a certainty, and yet having no tangible reasons to give for my alarm, I was still ashamed to disturb the household, the misadventures of that evening being already sufficient to bring upon me the cynical condolence of Colonel Demarcay. Do something I must, a spell of fear was really weaving itself about me. Taking up the lamp, I went softly into the passage, indulging a faint hope that Victor might be somewhere about.

"What was that?" I asked myself, beginning to tremble. Surely it could not be the reflection of the light I carried which flashed for a second in the hall below.

"Victor! Demarcay! Is it you?" I called out.

No answer came, and all was so still that I was half-inclined to think my imagination, already excited, had played me false. Before summoning courage to call again—the sound of my own voice through the dark space having only served to increase my alarm—a slight noise came from the staircase, a creaking as of some one stealthily coming up it. I could bear it no longer. My fright, hitherto within the bounds of reason, gave way to insane terror, mixed with regret at having left the security of my room, to which I was all eagerness to return. Jerking the lamp against the bannisters in my haste to withdraw it, having held it low in order to see better, it slipped from my hand and fell to the ground with a sharp crash and clatter which resounded through the hall.

To run back into my room as swiftly as my feet could carry me was the first impulse, and not till the door was securely locked had I any doubt of its prudence—not till the idea arose that the creeping footsteps might have outstripped mine, and that I was even then shut in with the dreaded object to which I had not ventured to give a name. My alarm now was almost insupportable, it took away my breath, and left me at first without resource. The pyramid of coals had not answered, only a thin fitful flame rose and fell, the light of which did not reach much beyond the fender. Rushing at the bell, I pulled and pulled with frantic force, until another sound came crashing round and about me—that of a pistol-shot, which rang through the corridors, followed by another and another. The household was now awake; voices screamed and called, doors slammed, and above the din and noise came the angry bark of Nettle.

Foolish and shortsighted—clever as I thought myself—my intelligence had only served to aggravate an evil it had cost me so much effort to prevent. The house to be attacked was not Miss Everett's, but Lornedale, which offered far more chance of booty than Ivy Cottage, and in my Quixotic haste to help the weak I had sent away three of our best defenders! Whoever entered Miss Everett's grounds would have no difficulty in proceeding farther. My suspicions that a dark deed was to be done to-night were realised, the locality only was changed. Well might the presence of Mrs. Demarcay be unacceptable in the cottage, and efforts be made to detain her.

My fatigue, my anxiety, my trepidations, and exertions were worse than useless. I had but facilitated the mischief I tried to hinder. In my absence they must have been watchful or easily on the alert; any noise would have disturbed the house, for who could tell that it was not I, improbable as my return at such an unseemly hour might appear? From these thoughts of self-reproach I was roused by a succession of pistol-shots proceeding apparently from Colonel Demarcay's room. The shots were fired into the park, in all probability upon the robbers. They were trying to get away; the attack must then be over, but what had happened? Was any one hurt? Timidly opening my door to see if it were possible to make out what was going on, I heard the authoritative voice of the colonel, then a great slamming of doors and heavy footsteps. There were watchers enough now, and the perils of the night were virtually over. Half an hour later, Adams, pale and still under the influence of her recent fears, appeared, and gave me her version of what had taken place.

"Only think, ma'am, and it was this house, not Miss Everett's, and we going quietly to bed, flying in the face of Providence, who, through you, had already sent us warning enough if we could read it."

From her I heard that the house had been broken into. The thieves had got in by a back window, out of which they had contrived to remove the glass. Giles, who slept close by, had heard nothing, being, as he said, in his first sleep, nor was his pantry entered. They had been in the dining-room and carried off a good portion of the portable plate; also into the colonel's study, broken open his escritoire, and taken possession of some old family jewels, heirlooms from past generations, which I heard afterwards were to have been reset for me. Wax had been dropped about in several places, indicating that a search had been made there. One man was supposed to be in the dining-room when the alarm was first given, and had rapidly made off with all he could lay hands upon.

By a curious coincidence, Patrick could not or would not sleep. Vexed at not being permitted to join the cousins and Jack in their nocturnal vigil, the old man would not go to bed, but, half dressed, sat in his chair, consoling himself for his exclusion by the thought that he might be wanted after all; and if not, it was well to keep a look out at home when evil-doers were abroad. A keen scent of danger may have kindled the old soldierly fire, or, between sleeping and waking, with his mind already running upon robbers, he may, in a half-dreaming state, have heard some unusual sound. "It was an inspiration," he said, when relating his share in the night's adventures he yielded to the superstition deeply rooted in his character. Something, he affirmed, told him to look to his pistols and take a turn through the lower apartments. With one in his hand, he was just pausing in his doorway to listen, fancying the house was not altogether quiet, when a shrill cry and the crashing of glass and metal together made him hasten towards the hall, where my lamp, in its fall, had struck and shattered a great portion of the globes of the chandelier. Never was an accident more opportune. First startled by the noise, his next impulse was to proceed cautiously to the place whence it proceeded; but the pistol went off in his hand, and by giving the alarm, precipitated the movements of the robbers. The second shot he owned to having deliberately aimed at a dark object that rushed past him from the dining-room; the third was fired at him and wounded him in the shoulder. "It was all done in such a hurry," he used to say. "If I had not been wounded and had not then let my pistol fall, I might have captured one of the rascals, and, even as it was, with my one hand, I could have secured him, if any one had helped to bar his retreat. If Giles had been only a fraction of a man instead of a coward, the men never would have got off as they did, and that I'll say to my dying day." Patrick, sadly chagrined at not having secured the offenders, was not tender of Giles's reputation, and never contradicted the report of one of the grooms, who joined them afterwards, being too far off to come upon the scene in time, that he peeped out of his room to see if the coast was clear before showing himself, and did not appear until there was no occasion for his assistance. He made a feint, however, of joining in the search afterwards, but here, too, the evil tongues had it their own way; they said he never went twenty yards from the house,

and yet, when summoned before Colonel Demarcay, as they all were on returning from a vain pursuit of the robbers, to give an account of what they had each seen and heard, Giles had twice been on the point of capturing them.

"He says so," observed Patrick; adding, with a twinkle of the eye, "his valour oozes more out of his mouth than his fingers."

We all knew that Colonel Demarcay suffered in his dignity from not being able to discover the perpetrators of the burglary, having a restless desire to bring the crime home to some one concerned in it. Every exertion had been made, not from a vindictive wish to punish, but to put down lawlessness by making an example of the offenders. All necessary aid had been called in. The high-constable had done his part. Two of his most intelligent men had been appointed to make inquiries and follow up the information obtained, which was little enough, scarcely anything beyond my adventures on the evening before the robbery. To me they were very significant, and had so clearly indicated collusion among the parties, that I was surprised to find how curiously facts, important on the surface, melted into mist and uncertainty when handled by more rigid investigators.

Mrs. Mason, the woman inhabiting the cottage on the cliff, had nothing particular to tell. Her husband was away from home with his boat at the time, and both of them were unknown to Colonel Demarcay. Besides the circumstance of their having only lately come to reside in the cottage, Colonel Demarcay had not heard of them, and had no acquaintance with the affairs or inhabitants of Little Ormby, except when some quarrel or misdemeanour brought them before him as a magistrate. The presence of the ill-looking stranger was also accounted for, and in a simple manner. For a few days the Masons had had a lodger of whom they knew nothing, except that he put down a week's pay in advance. Without hesitation, the woman owned to having shown little civility to Mrs. Demarcay. Believing the family to be hard folk, she had felt no desire, she said, to oblige her, and went on preparing her lodger's supper without paying attention to her distress. The rest of her story tallied in a measure with mine—the sight of the sovereign bringing her to a better mind, she sent Joe with me to Ormby. With regard to the man whose presence had most alarmed me, she said he called himself Bill Irons, that he left her cottage as soon as he had taken his supper that evening, and that she had not seen him since. Of the bag I saw him carrying she knew nothing, nor of his companion whom I met on the cliff. He might or he might not have had a friend with him; she was not sure, nor did she recollect seeing him talk to any one in particular. All his worldly goods when he came to her were wrapped in a bundle; he spent his time chiefly among the boats and fishermen at Little Ormby, and intended, she believed, to take some part in the fishing trade. This was the substance of the information obtained from her, from which she never deviated. Her husband said much the same thing. Bill Irons had offered himself as a lodger for a week, and paid his money beforehand. He did not know where he came from, nor where he was gone. An examination of the room he had occupied added nothing fresh, as only an old match-box and a torn silk handkerchief were found there.

As far as the ends of justice were concerned, the catechising of Joe was equally unsuccessful. With the exception of a trifling discrepancy, his statements agreed with those of his mother. He said she told him to conduct me to the Hen and Chickens, while I was under the impression that he received his orders from the stranger. To the question, "What did Bill Irons say to you when he called you back?" Joe returned a ready answer, while a gleam of cunning complacency shot from his eye, "He told me to take care of the lady." To the next, "Why did you not ask for a reward when you had taken her safely to the Hen and Chickens?" the reply was fuller than he intended, "As mother sent me, I knew it had been given to her." "And so you went back without asking for anything?" an observation thrown in to put him off his guard. "Did I? I got a jolly good supper at the Hen and Chickens, much better than I should have had at home." In vain the colonel chafed and fretted, suggesting fresh questions in order to elicit something by approaching the subject in a different form; the wary Joe was equal to the occasion. Whatever the amount of suspicion, nothing could be charged against mother or son, and Mason, it was proved, was on the sea with his partner. With regard to Mrs. Bryant, of the Hen and Chickens, there was even less ground to lay hold of, and in corroboration of much that she said she boldly appealed to me. She had received me kindly, made me as comfortable as she could, and protested that it was impossible to procure me a conveyance without sending to Ormbey, and, her husband being away, called to visit his sick mother, as many of her customers could testify, she had no one to send so far. She did not like having such a guest as Mrs. Demareay under her roof, it was too great an honour, but that, being there, it was her pride as well as her duty to lodge her well. Her best room and her best sheets—taken out of the lavender-drawer, with the smell of it upon them—were prepared for her. It was so plausible, all she said, and might be true, except the final clause of her statement, that when she discovered my absence, and how I got away, any one might have knocked her down with a feather! "The wing of the albatross might have done it," Demareay said, "but no other plumage."

Victor and his cousin visited the inn, inspected the bedroom and the closet, and went over all the ground I had trodden between the cliff and Lorndale; but the colonel disliked the whole story, and all the gossip connected with it, and would not suffer his carriage to be seen there, so that Mrs. and Miss Rogers were not able to make a personal acquaintance with the scene of that part of the adventure. They were obliged to content themselves with going to the cliff, which from that day became a favourite walk, for the colonel had several new keys made, one of which he gave me for my special use—a fatal gift, as it turned out, though I was pleased enough to possess it at the time.

However undeserving, Joe derived some advantage from the new arrangement, for the ladies often entered into conversation with him when they found him loitering on the shore, and not unfrequently left behind some tangible proof of their appreciation of his shrewd replies and remarks. With me Joe was not particularly friendly; when we chanced to meet he was shy and reticent, giving me short answers whenever I addressed him. Nor could I get on with

his mother, so that, after one or two fruitless attempts to secure a welcome at her cottage, I gave it up. Mrs. Rogers and Bertha were equally unsuccessful; Mrs. Mason had evidently no wish to be visited by any of the ladies of Lorndale.

Two illnesses were the result of that night's adventures; the colonel was indisposed for several days, and either kept his room or confined himself to the study, where consultations with his solicitor were carried on, and where he gladly received whatever items of further information could be procured. One fisherman, on coming home, had met at day-dawn, a double couple of miles, as he called it, from Little Ormbey, a strange boat with three men in it, not one of whom he knew. But talk and surmise as they would, there seemed no clue by which to discover the robbers, and the disappointment by depriving Colonel Demareay of a vent for his anger increased his indisposition. It was intolerable that the Demareays should be attacked on their own property and plundered with impunity. If the offenders could have been punished he would have chafed less over their daring attempt. Besides the plate, the jewellery stolen was of value; several diamonds and an old-fashioned set of rubies, which had been in the family for generations, and all irrecoverable, notwithstanding the high reward offered. The loss, he told Victor, would be mine, the disgrace was his, and from the first he made it a personal grievance.

THE RAINBOW COFFEE-HOUSE.

AMONGST the most curious and interesting remains of ancient London which have lately disappeared is the Rainbow Coffee-house in Fleet Street. Two centuries ago, when the stupid despotism of Louis XIV drove from France its best children, and deprived the *grand Monarque* of some of his worthiest subjects, the dingy tavern which stood almost under the shadow of Temple Bar was the acknowledged resort of nearly all those who, on matters of religion and philosophy, ventured to differ from his most Christian majesty, and any casual visitor turning in at noon for refreshment would find the common room occupied by customers whose appearance betokened their foreign extraction, and who were busy discussing the last news from Amsterdam, Geneva, or Paris, the terms of the peace of Ryswyck, or the recent publications of Saurin, Bayle, and Jurieu. The battles of Ramillies and Oudenarde were fought over again on the greasy deal tables by stern, uncompromising Huguenots, obliged, from their love of religious liberty, to rejoice at the defeat of their own fellow-countrymen, and who forgot that Marlborough was an Englishman because they saw in him the instrument appointed by God to save Europe from slavery.

A motley assemblage, indeed, the one which mine host of the Rainbow entertained from day to day within the walls of the tavern now sacrificed to modern improvements. There the epicurean Saint Evremont might be found writing some witty and humorous essay for the Duchess de Mazarin, or astonishing an eager circle of listeners by free remarks on the policy of Louis XIV; there some bold and clever political author, fresh from the perusal of Bayle's controversial pamphlets, was finishing a satire which, despite the vigilance of the French police and the terrors of the grim Bastille, would circulate even

in the streets of Paris and the avenues of Versailles. Whilst a few merchants or petty tradesmen calculated the profits of a new invention destined to benefit, not France, but Germany and England, many an enthusiastic Cénéol thrilled an excited audience by describing the horrors of the "booted mission" and the high deeds of Jean Cavalier. In another corner of the room, perhaps, a spirited dispute would be carried on between two French officers in the English service on the respective claims of the Anglican Church and Presbyterian dissent.

The Huguenot refugees had found in this country not only hospitality and pecuniary assistance, but a real political status. The leaders at once took up the cause of William III and of the English Constitution with an energy which will not astonish persons who appreciate the blessings of religious liberty; military men placed their swords unhesitatingly at the disposal of the king; theologians and *littérateurs* of every kind extolled the superiority of the Parliamentary system over the tyranny which was encouraged by Jesuitism and supported by dragoons. Party-spirit ran high in those days; nearly two-thirds of the foreigners residing in England were, as a matter of course, vehement Whigs, and consequently they found themselves always obliged to refute the accusations of the Tories and Jacobites, who denounced them as the natural enemies of Great Britain, and as being really little better than spies. Frenchmen took part for or against the celebrated Sacheverel; and whilst a few constituted themselves the champions of Atterbury, the majority sided with Burnet.

The Rainbow Coffee-house, then, may be considered as being the head-quarters of the French colony in London during the reigns of William III and Queen Anne. The list of its *habitués* includes many a name which is not generally known, but they were all men of considerable merit, deep thinkers, and thoroughly acquainted with English literature. Let us mention, in the first place, Daudé, who, after having been a tutor in the Trevor family, obtained a small Government appointment, which he held for the space of twenty-eight years. We can fancy him sitting at one of the tables in the coffee-room, and defending, at the top of his voice, the Baconian philosophy against some admirer of Descartes, who is commenting on the *cogito ergo sum*, amidst clouds of tobacco-smoke. Next to him, do you see that old man with a waggish expression in his eyes, and whose magnificent brow impresses you at once with a sense of exceptional intellectual powers? That is Moivre, the illustrious mathematician, the friend of Sir Isaac Newton, equally great as a scientific investigator and as a classical scholar. Moivre is the literary authority of all the refugees; he corrects their style, supplies them with quotations, polishes their often rugged and uncouth sentences, suggests to them smiles, and prepares their manuscripts for the press. Moivre's good-humour and kindness are exceeded only by his almost universal knowledge. Many a pamphlet which brought into the cash-box of the London and Amsterdam booksellers' mines of wealth, would have fallen flat but for the discriminating appreciation of Moivre; many a master-piece of biting sarcasm or of theological law, profoundly composed by some Scriblerus of Marylebone, owed all its success to Moivre. The flippant freethinkers of the Queen Anne period, who went to the Rainbow in quest of French or Dutch arguments against religion, and who fancied

that Bayle had transferred into a community of sceptics all the Huguenot refugees, took it for granted that Newton's *protégé* must necessarily be an unbeliever. "Monsieur Moivre," said one of them to him one evening, "who has ever heard of a mathematician giving any credence to the old women's fables contained in the Bible?" The philosopher turned sharply round, and looking at his interlocutor from head to foot, quietly answered: "Sir, I prove to you that I am a Christian by forgiving you the silly remark you have just uttered." After spending his day in scientific researches, Moivre invariably repaired to the Rainbow Coffee-room, where Newton as invariably came to fetch him, and to rescue him from the noise of religious and political controversies, the indiscreet applications for literary and pecuniary help made by needy refugees, and from the thick atmosphere of beer and tobacco. He died in 1754, at a very old age, deaf and blind. During the last years of his life he had got into the habit of sleeping for twenty hours together. One day he took to his bed, went to sleep, and never woke up again. That was indeed a distressing event for the literary tyros who had so long been accustomed to find in Moivre a walking grammar, a living dictionary, and the kindest of critics. Unfortunately, the tide of pamphlets did not seem to be considerably affected by this untoward circumstance; it was only noticed that the refugee-literature became for a time unusually dull.

Next to Moivre came Desmaizeaux, the biographer of Saint Evremont and of Bayle, the pillar of the Rainbow Coffee-house, the life and soul of the whole place. "Everything is at a standstill since your departure," writes to him one of his London friends; "no more tavern, no more joy, no more of the free conversations in which we so often indulged when you were amongst us. Our little society has lost in you the bond which kept us together. Till you return I look upon it as dissolved and broken up; we scarcely venture to laugh." This doleful epistle was called forth by one of Desmaizeaux's visits to the Continent, where he had numerous friends belonging to every shade of belief in religion and of opinion in politics. Desmaizeaux may be taken as the type of the professional *littérateur* of the eighteenth century. He contributed to all the newspapers of London and of Amsterdam; he corresponded with Briasson, Desmelets, and the other writers on the staff of the "Journal des Savants;" the pirated editions of French works printed in Holland were not deemed complete unless they were prefaced with a biographical memoir from the pen of Desmaizeaux; he composed equally well in English and in French; he numbered amongst his correspondents Addison, Beausobre, Basnage, Le Duchat, and all the most distinguished personages of the day, both English and foreign; and he contributed more than any of his fellow-countrymen to spread on the other side of the Channel a knowledge of our scientific literature. Look at the voluminous series of letters addressed to Desmaizeaux, and now preserved at the British Museum, then you will have a faint idea of that activity which made him so valuable a purveyor to the guild of journalists and reviewers.

Desmaizeaux, however, is to our mind a far less attractive character than Moivre. He was too careless in the selection of his associates, and his opinions were not sufficiently orthodox to please the divines of the "refuge." He had the honour of carrying on correspondence with Leibnitz; but, on the other

hand, he was on terms of intimacy with Collins, and Hagedorn used to apply to him for information respecting his friends *Messieurs les déistes Anglais*. When he died the Rainbow certainly lost its chief attraction, and it soon ceased to be the intellectual centre of the French Protestant colony settled in London. To the purely religious element succeeded an influence of a totally different character, for it must be remembered that if the gates of the Bastille were frequently crowded by Huguenot dissenters, they also gave admittance to freethinkers of every possible shade, and so it happened that Voltaire, the Abbé Prévost, and Saint Hyacinthe went successively on a visit to the quaint old coffee-room, which had so often re-echoed the learned talk of Moivre and the patriotic addresses of Jean Cavalier's lieutenants. Even in Voltaire's time the fame of the Rainbow Society was dwindling away, and of the original band of Protestant refugees some had settled in Holland, many were dead or stricken down by the infirmities of old age; the others had become so thoroughly English in their feelings, their habits, and their ideas, that France was for them a kind of foreign country which long ceased to excite on their part any sympathy. If some of them, more attached to their fatherland than the majority, visited the Continent, they felt as if they were amongst strangers, and they hurried back to the dingy lodgings in Marylebone which freedom had endeared to them, and where they could, at any rate, read the Bible without fear of being tracked by the ruthless agents of the Bourbon king. After many years' exile, Daudé, having taken a trip to Paris, with the intention of settling there, soon altered his mind, and returned to spend his last days in the land of liberty. Writing to Desmaizeaux, he said: "I venture to affirm that real, genuine humour has disappeared from France; people will be too witty. If the Lord grant us peace, my firm purpose is to go to live and die in London, whatever may be drawbacks which one must needs meet with in a foreign country. If I can find there still a few of my fellow-countrymen our bond of union will be all the closer. Old age has made me lose the taste for the display, the pomp and luxury of this great city:

'Omitto mirari beatæ
Fumum et opes, strepitumque Romæ.'

The recollection of pleasures formerly enjoyed there, the kind friends one had, and a variety of other circumstances, help to deceive the imagination of a man who has lived elsewhere and contracted other habits. I should have wished to remain in Paris, but international hatred met me at every step and wounded my feelings; political animosity has been singularly increased by the last political events."

All men must have a country which they can call their own; they long to believe that a certain portion of this earth has special claims upon their love, and that they, in return, are bound to it by ties of a particularly endearing nature. Daudé was no exception to the rule. Whilst he remained a Frenchman he was like all the other refugees, an object of suspicion, of dislike, sometimes of hatred. A bill of naturalisation immediately altered his position, and the Huguenots of yesterday, transformed into English citizens by the law of the land, members of the Church of England, qualified to serve on juries and to sit as magistrates, henceforth lost all their sympa-

thies for the spot which persecution and injustice had given them such little cause to regret. They almost felt that the coffee-room at the Rainbow was no longer a place where they had any right to sit down; they could boast a hearth of their own, a resting-place, a home,—and thus, towards the end of the last century, the famous tavern, which for some time was as well known as Chaucer's "Tabard" or Ben Jonson's "Mermaid," sank to the proportions of a common eating-house. Moivre, Desmaizeaux, Saint Evremont, Daudé, all the guests, illustrious and otherwise, who used to assemble around the fire-side of the dingy hostel, have long since gone to their last account. Modern civilisation gradually sweeps away the monuments of the past, but the martyrs of religious liberty will live in the memory of all good men after time has laid its cold hand upon the proudest of the buildings which grace our public streets.

GUSTAVE MASSON.

WINDOW AND BALCONY GARDENS.

HOW to keep plants in perfect health in living-rooms is a problem very difficult to solve. Where there are greenhouses or conservatories, and frames, and a regular gardener is kept, or where, as in London, a florist is paid to supply plants, it is easy to keep up a brilliant show during the greater part of the year, by changing the plants every week, if necessary; but this does not throw any light on the real difficulties of the case.

There can be no doubt that the air of a room, warm and dry enough to be comfortable for human beings, is not suitable for plants; while, on the other hand, the air of a conservatory or a greenhouse, when the plants are growing vigorously, would not be particularly agreeable, for any length of time, to human beings. Nothing gives more pleasure to those who are fond of flowers than to see plants in flower constantly in their living-rooms. How, then, are people to enjoy this pleasure?

The Emperor Ferdinand of Austria, wishing to enjoy the pleasure of seeing plants thrive in his living-room, had a plant-cabinet constructed, which was a glass case on a large scale, placed in front of a window and projecting into the room, with a door opening into the cabinet, so that it could be entered from the room. The floor of such a miniature greenhouse, or plant-cabinet, should be made of wood, a little higher than the floor of the room, so that, if it should be wished, it could be removed without injuring the house. The whole of the upper part of the case projecting into the room should be glazed, but to the height of about two feet it should be of wainscot, to correspond with the paneling round the room. This paneling should be lined within the cabinet with leaden troughs, communicating with each other, and having a slight declination towards another trough, lower than the rest, and near the balcony outside the window, and so contrived that any water draining from the pots or boxes containing the plants may run off into the lower trough, which should not have any flower-pots in it, unless they contain aquatic or marsh plants. In these troughs should be placed wooden or slate boxes, filled with earth, in which climbing plants should be placed, alternately with camellias, orange-trees,

or other flowering shrubs, so as to be seen from the room. The lower half of the window, behind the glass case, should be taken out of its frame, and the balcony covered with glass, and this glass should open in several places, so that fresh air may be admitted at pleasure; and the glass door of the cabinet in the room should be made to fit closely, so that the dry air from the living-room may be excluded when necessary.

The mode of arranging plants in a plant-cabinet of this kind must depend upon the taste of its possessor. A very pretty effect is produced by training the small-leaved ivy, or some other suitable climber, up a slight trellis placed just within the glass that projects into the room, and having plants with beautiful leaves or showy-coloured flowers placed at intervals, so as to be seen from the room among the ivy, or any other climbing plant that may be employed for covering the trellis.

The foregoing plan can only be adopted where the rooms are of considerable size. In the case of smaller rooms, an excellent mode is to have glass cases constructed outside the lower parts of the windows, and then the lower sashes can be thrown up at pleasure, and the plants (which of course must be chosen with a due regard to the space to be filled) can always be well seen and enjoyed.

Ornamental boxes of encaustic tiles or of terracotta (the Watcombe, for example) may also be fitted outside the windows of living-rooms, and, filled with suitable flowering plants (or with plants having beautiful leaves), may be made to produce a very good effect.

When balconies or leads over porticos are to be filled with flowering or other plants, they should be fitted with boxes to contain the plants. In many cases the boxes only serve to contain the pots in which greenhouse plants are grown, but in others they are filled with earth, in which mignonette and

other annuals are sown. When the boxes are intended to be fixtures, and to stand out all the winter, they should always be made of slate. If the boxes are only to stand out during the summer, they may be made of wood, and they should be made of the best yellow deal, and painted. The dimensions of boxes may vary according to circumstances, but it is best not to have them more than three or four feet in length, as, if longer, they are difficult to move. The depth of the boxes should never be less than seven inches, but it need not be more than ten inches for boxes of the largest size.

It is always best to have boxes for balconies, as when the pots are set without boxes on the leads, which soon become very hot from the sun, the roots of the plants are parched and withered up; and a similar effect takes place from the drying effect of the wind when the pots are set on the bars of an open balcony. This is one of the reasons why plants bought in the streets and set in a balcony so very seldom last long, and why the flower-buds so often drop off without expanding. The plants are grown in the nursery garden, in very small pots, to save room, and when they are removed from the pits in which they were kept in the nursery to the leads or bars of a balcony, it is almost impossible to keep them alive very long, unless they are kept in boxes, or, as a substitute, in double pots. Boxes, however, will always be found to be much the best.

If boxes are not used, a circular wire stand of four tiers for plants will be found a good substitute, as the plants can be readily and tastefully arranged on each tier, and, moreover, can be most easily changed if they should begin to fade. In this case the best plan is to have ornamental pots to receive the common flower-pots. Care should be taken in all cases that the plants have a sufficient supply of water, and that the leaves are kept clean by syringing or by sponging.

D. W.

AUSTRALIA FELIX: IMPRESSIONS OF VICTORIA.

BY ISABELLA L. BIRD.

IV.

A SHORT distance outside Warrnambool we got into "the bush," and drove through it for nearly thirty miles. Let no reader dream that this "bush" is like the thorny undergrowth of New Zealand, or the delicious entanglement of a tropical forest, or the briery maze of an English hazel coppice or fox-cover. This, and every "bush" that I saw in this level district, was a forest of great gum-trees, with monstrous trunks, ragged, owing to the shedding of the bark; at a considerable height giving off branches, ragged also, and rigid to the extremities, which are tufted with long, narrow, green-grey leaves, which turn their edges to the light. Under each tree there was an untidy heap of bark. There were no trailers, and almost no undergrowth, only now and then a few wattle, blackwood, and bottle-brush trees, but the whole ground was covered with short, velvety grass, of a deep bright-green, such as could only flourish in a shadeless forest. A great many of the trees were "girdled" for felling, and many others had been killed by fires kindled at the base. There were no young trees, for the cattle destroy them all; every third tree was dead, and long stretches constantly occurred of thousands of trees which had died an

unaccountable natural death, their great, whitish stems and branches utterly forlorn and desolate. Under the general term "gum," I include the celebrated blue gum, or *eucalyptus globulus*, the red and white gum, and the iron-bark, peppermint, and stringy bark trees, all closely resembling each other. Besides these, there were only the wattle (an acacia), the blackwood, and the "she-oak," as queer as a vegetable as the duck-billed *platypus* is as an animal, for though a tree, it is obviously a kinsman of the *equisetum*. This *casuarina* is a funeral tree, patching the landscape with black, owing to the dark colour of its bark and fronds. It has no proper leaves, but wiry, drooping articulations, and a trunk, very thick as compared to its height, which rarely exceeds 20ft. The trunk spreads out at the bottom with firmly-imbedded roots, and the soil covered by this forbidding-looking growth is always bare of grass and vegetation. All these trees are evergreen.

Of trailers, flowers, and singing birds there were none, but cockatoos, with lemon-coloured crests, were perched on the branches of the dead trees, and parrots, parakeets, love-birds, loriot, and other brilliant fowls, sat in rows on the fences by the

roadside, or flashed in legions through the forest, uttering piercing cries, lighting up the sombre grey-ness with their resplendent plumage—dark-red, crimson, scarlet, bright-green, blue-green, blue, purple, orange, and often all these colours were combined on one bird! Truly "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!"

The grass in the forest is excellent pasture, and burns less quickly than that of the open plains. A good rider on a good horse can ride through much of the bush at a smart canter, and now and then we saw a stockman, heavily bearded, with high boots and brigand-looking felt hat, dash in or out of the forest. A stockman's saddle has a projection on each side, forming rests for the knees, enabling the rider to follow the cattle at a gallop in their short, sharp turns, with ease and safety to himself. The country is but thinly settled. Occasionally we came upon a neat cabin in which some newly-arrived immigrant was trying his fortune; sometimes upon a more pretentious house, with flowers and a young orchard about it, indicating the upward progress of an older settler; and twice we stopped to water the horses at roadside taverns, as neat and scrupulously clean as the same class of houses in England. But there were no ready ostlers touching their caps for the prospective sixpence. The pails were there and the water at hand, and Mr. Hale attended to his team himself with true colonial promptitude. We crossed several muddy creeks, nearly dry, which often overflow their banks, but there were no flowing streams or ponds. The road for the most part was straight, and ran between post and rail fences, or "bush fences," composed of logs and branches heaped upon each other. It was a fairly good road, with the exception of three miles of "bush road." This, which is still a feature of the back country, consists of a broad track cleared through the forest, with most of the stumps left standing. The ruts are deep and the bottom soft, and it requires a good driver to pilot a team between the Scylla of tree-stumps and the Charybdis of quagmires, and even with the best pilotage one has the spectacle of the horses breaking through the surface crust, going down as if they were not coming up again, and floundering out as if for their lives. In these circumstances the height of the trap, the height and lightness of the wheels, the strength of the springs, and the distance of the horses from the splinter-bar are very obvious advantages.

The day was *blae* and the bush grim, and it was pleasant at last to emerge upon a sea of grass and clover, on which the straggling wooden village of Mortlake seemed to float. A gallop up a grassy hill, and our journey ended at a square stone house, without porch or verandah, standing in a very pretty shrubbery and garden, in which F., looking hardly a year older, but accompanied by three blooming Australian-born daughters, was gathering English flowers for the table. This house is not a "station," so many of the usual surroundings of country colonial life were absent, and I venture to describe the life of my friends to show how people of moderate incomes, not engaged in agricultural pursuits, may live in Victoria. Mr. Hale went out to seek his fortune twenty-five years ago, and, with a friend now at home, who told me lately that he tethered his horse to a stump where one of the finest buildings in Melbourne now stands, went upon a sheep-station. The gold "broke out" not long afterwards, and in the stirring times described in "Never too late to

mend," he was appointed a gold commissioner, and after things settled down, received the influential appointment he now holds—police magistrate of a large district. The salary is moderate, and at home people with the same income and four children could hardly regard themselves as in "easy circumstances"—in the colony it is affluence.

Sixty acres of land on the grassy slope of Mount Shadwell provide all the grass, fodder, fruit, and vegetables that are required for a household of ten persons, with their horses and cattle, and a single "hired man" suffices to look after the live stock and garden. The ten horses, which in England would be worth about £1,000, and in Victoria about £160, are not regularly stabled, but feed on the rich grass and clover of the pasture, and are driven in when wanted. The cows supply an abundance of rich milk and cream, and butter beyond the requirements of the family, but in the spring this can scarcely find a market even at threepence per lb. Stock raising is practised on a small scale. Beef was fourpence, and mutton twopence, per lb., but it was more convenient to buy sheep at ten shillings each, pasture them, and kill them as they were wanted. All the usual English vegetables flourish, and grow enormous without sacrificing flavour, and they succeed each other throughout the whole year. Radishes at the end of October were as long and thick as a man's arm, but lost neither juiciness nor pungency. Cucumbers grow in rows between the other crops, and are most prolific. Good quality and abundance are the rule in fruit and vegetables, as in all else. When the strawberries ripen, however, hordes of bright-plumaged parrots descend on the beds in the early morning, and to shoot a few of them and make them into pies is a very poor retaliation for their wholesale robberies.

Unless a settler be very rich, and often even then, the management of the flower-garden naturally devolves on his wife, and the "pottering about" is very wholesome in a climate which does not render active exercise a necessity. Naturally, also, the lady and children gather the fruit and vegetables required for each day's use, the "hired man" having plenty to do in attending to the horses and cattle, the digging, and other rough work. My friends had four female servants, three of whom had been with them for many years, and among whom the work was divided as in a similar household at home. These received from £20 to £60 per annum, and the "hired man" £50, with rations. The meals were as tasteful as they would be in the house of a woman of taste at home, but more abundant, and Frontignac and other light wines were used instead of port and sherry. The dining-room was Spartan in its simplicity. The other rooms were furnished in the usual English fashion, though Brussels carpets are not suited to the climate. The striking difference was that they were kept nearly dark until sunset by German shutters to keep out the flies. This is a depressing practice, bad both for eyes and health, but the flies are nearly intolerable.

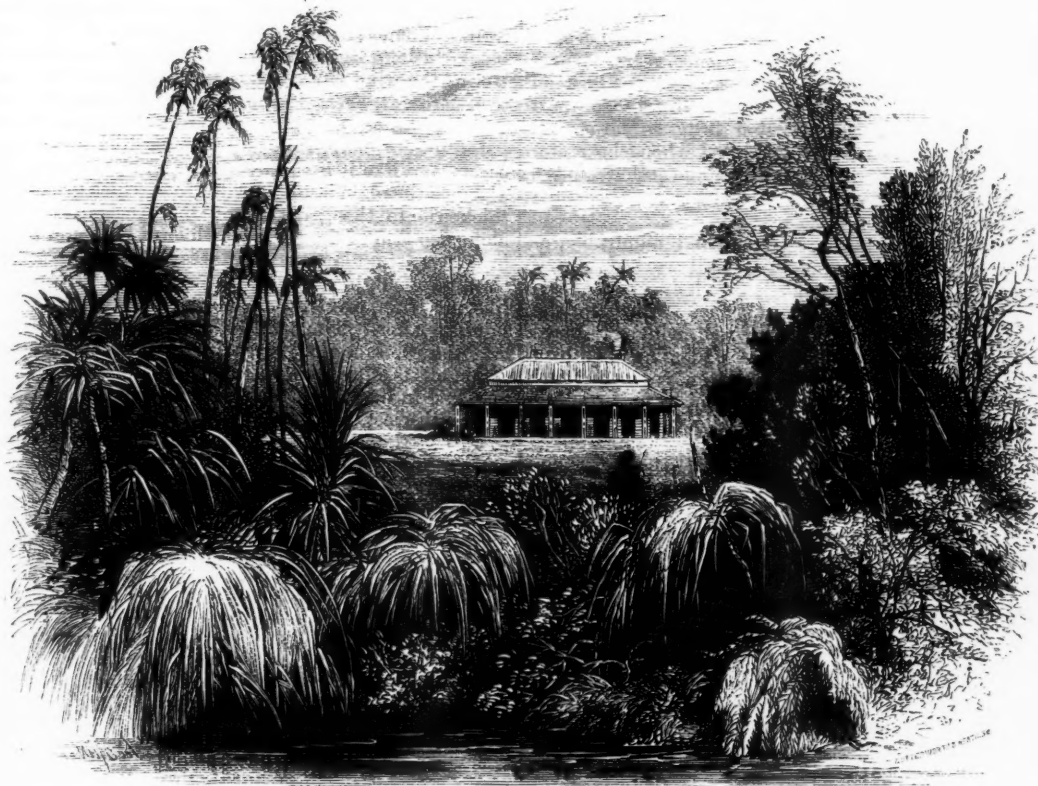
The stabling was rough and temporary-looking, as it may well be when horses do not require cover. The saddles and bridles were all English, and carefully kept, and when we rode, a party of three, we were as well mounted as we could have been at any cost at home. The equipages were the family waggon, before described, and an American buggy, consisting of a shallow tray with a seat for two across

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it, upon, or rather among, four high, spidery-looking wheels, which throw the mud all over one, and require much space for turning. In these matters the colonists have been compelled to make a new departure, owing to the high price of labour, and to be content to drive out with the mud of the day before—dare I write the month before?—on their wheels; and the muddy buggy, with harness of the lightest possible description, a fast-trotting, fine-tempered horse in the shafts, and a “hitching-strap,” to fasten him to post or rail when required,

the country is widely scattered, and visiting is arranged as in England before the days of railroads. People travel in their buggies or waggons, and remain for the traditional “rest day, drest day, and prest day,” or as much longer as is convenient to both parties. When a stranger arrives, as I did, at a country house, the friends of the host either call or send messages, inviting him to spend a week at their houses and see Australian life; and he may be passed on from one to the other for months, the best houses, the most characteristic amusements, the most pleasant



AN AUSTRALIAN HOMESTEAD.

replace with the colonial lady the elegant park phaeton with the dapper, well-booted groom in the back seat. It is almost needless to add that “up-country” horses, worked mainly on grass and non-macadamised roads, are seldom lame or on the sick list; that where there is neither coachman nor groom there is no one to be surly or grudging; and that the colonial lady gets twice as much use, and four times as much pleasure, out of her rusty “trap” as her English sister out of her dainty “equipage.” Mr. H. cut his own hedges, saddled his own horse, if need were, made himself “generally useful,” and on his long official journeys rode fifty miles a day with a led horse beside him, and under all circumstances preserved the spotless and well-dressed appearance characteristic of an English gentleman.

It was a very happy and cultured home, and I missed no advantage of the old country except full daylight in the drawing-room. Naturally, society in

things of all kinds, being placed at his disposal. The society in which my friends moved, though necessarily less formal and more hospitable, was much like English country society. The papers received daily from Melbourne presented daily the telegraphic news of the world, and a Melbourne book club supplied the newest standard literature, as well as the leading magazines and reviews, only six weeks behind London. A life, however, would be unwholesome which depended for its interests solely on “abroad,” even if that “abroad” were home, and I was glad to see that my friends, though not possessing the same stake in the colony as most colonists, had come to have those colonial and local interests which arise out of “growing up with the country.” Colonial politics are degenerate, but colonial interests—such as the everlasting education question, the important subject of the tariff duties, and the immigration question, with the (supposed) antagonistic interests involved—

can be touched without soiling the hands. There was a neighbouring settlement, with its inevitable school board and other chronic squabbles, ecclesiastical difficulties, attempts at musical and intellectual improvement, and sick people and strangers to be befriended. Different denominations, all on the voluntary system, occupied the district, and their adherents spared no pains to make their worship attractive and effective. The Episcopal Church in Victoria is a very active and increasing body, always going into new districts, and supplying them with ordinances provided partly by a very elastic system of lay readers. It is common for one clergyman to minister in two or three churches often twenty miles apart, and gentlemen of approved character, licensed by the bishop, officiate in his absence. Mr. H. was thus licensed, and on one Sunday in three he read the liturgy and a sermon of Dr. Vaughan's most impressively to a congregation fully as large and reverent as that which assembled when the rector was present. A Sunday-school and other church machinery also made claims which were cheerfully met.

The education of boys is easy and admirable, as the common school system is well worked, and if parents object to these schools for their girls, governesses are now abundant at salaries varying from £40 to £80 a year. Mrs. H., not being burdened by other domestic duties, was educating her own girls of eight, eleven, and fourteen years old, and they were happy and attractive, athirst for no other pleasures than the simple ones which lay within their reach, loving the country and its pursuits, galloping over the grass, picnicing in the bush with their parents, gathering fruit, hunting for rare caterpillars and insects, and enjoying to the full all those innocent country pleasures which, happily for the children of the Australian colonist, are free as the air they breathe. For health only, change of air is hardly

needed, and for diversion, shopping, and musical and intellectual advantages, Melbourne is amply sufficient.

I learned to love the long lines of the Australian landscape as seen from this bright homestead, which stands two hundred feet above the sea on the steep slope of a grassy hill six hundred feet high, spotted with blackwood-trees. Rich grass, dense with clover, surrounds the garden and shrubbery. From the windows there is a view of a vast plain of grass, generally a deep, bright green, but here and there stained red with sorrel, or whitened by clover blossoms. Small wooden cabins, dotted sparsely over the landscape, and a few post and rail fences, show where the "Free Selectors" are founding their Australian homes; otherwise, only herds of red and black cattle, gorged and sleepy, break the monotony. But as the wind ripples the grass, and cloud-shadows trail across it, or as it lies at rest, all dewy in the early morning, under a vault of blue, in a transparent atmosphere, it has a shimmer like a summer ocean, and like it is full of beauty and peace. In the distance the plain is dotted with trees, which gradually thicken into the greyness of the Australian bush along the line of the horizon, which is here and there broken by singular protuberances, from their position closely resembling islands. These, which are grassy, like the plain, are tufa cones, or pit craters, now containing lakes. The rich soil is disintegrated lava, and the whole region is marked by fire, but no tradition exists of a day when the volcanoes were actively engaged in building it up out of lava and ashes. To the north-west, a range of mountains bluer than the sky above them, lifts the country into picturesqueness, and perception of beauty must be strangely lacking in the man who can watch the rolling landscape, with its forest and meadow, sweeping up to the skirts of these eternal hills, and darkening into violet beneath a sunset sky, and yet deny to Australia Felix her claim to a beauty peculiarly her own.

THE CUP OF GOLD: A CHINESE STORY.

IN the province of Shang-tung there lived a Chinese family, whose surname was Wang. They were a very large household, for the eldest, Wang-shien-sang, had four sons. These sons each had wives and families, all living under the same roof, for under the boasted patriarchal system of China the son is but a child in his home during the life of his parents. He takes his wife home to his father's house, and she becomes a child of the household. Because of this law, all the cousins lived together, and played and quarrelled, as children do. Yet they called each other brother, and a stranger visiting found it difficult to discover who were true brothers.

The eldest son, Wang-goh-goh, was very lazy, and fond of gambling; he never earned money, and did not care to assist in cultivating the large farm, where his three younger brothers worked most industriously. Goh-goh's wife was very diligent also, and tried very hard to make up for her husband's idle habits. She cooked food, dyed cloth, made stockings, coats, jackets, spun cotton, and took care of a tobacco-field that lay near the house. This woman had a son called Shing-ping, or Peaceful Heart, and a little baby-boy called Shing-kiang, or Peaceful River; all her other children had died of small-pox.

Yung-tswun, or Everlasting Spring, took great

care of her boys. She strove to make her eldest son industrious, and respectful to his grandparents. She was very anxious that he should be sent to school along with his cousins; but that could not be, as his father had no money to pay the schoolmaster. Goh-goh went constantly with wicked men, who gambled, and he threatened speedily to ruin the whole family. He even learnt to steal, and break the laws in many ways.

Old Wang-shien-sang met often with his brothers, the uncles of Goh-goh, to talk over matters, and devise some means of reclaiming the scapegrace. Every means they could think of they tried, hoping to cure Goh-goh of his evil habits. They gave him money and sent him off in a junk to Manchuria, trusting that in that distant place he would make new friends, and give up gambling and stealing. But he returned in a few months without clothes, except one poor thin ragged suit, and his money all spent. What was still more trying to his proud family, men came constantly to his poor old father, demanding money for the debts that Goh-goh had contracted in Manchuria. What could be done to reclaim him? He had been tied up by the thumbs all day to teach him the evil of stealing. A great many other methods that are in China considered effectual in

curing people of being wicked had been recommended by the uncles and tried, but tried in vain.

Yung-tswun knew that her husband's father and his uncles had taken a great deal of trouble to reclaim Goh-goh; she knew they despaired of ever making him a good and useful man. Now when his father and his uncles met for consultation, she felt sure that matters were becoming very serious. Wang-shien-sang and his brothers always discussed family affairs in the great library. Yung-tswun climbed to the top of a pile of wood that was laid down against the back of this great hall. In the centre of this spacious room lay in state the yet unburied coffin of Goh-goh's grandfather. Over it was a pall of blue silk, richly embroidered with gold. Here the coffin had lain for sixteen years, waiting the time when the family would be rich enough to give the deceased a most gorgeous funeral. This coffin was often appealed to in their arguments for the disposal of Goh-goh, for, said his father, if this ruinous waste by gambling goes on, there will be another coffin there before we can bury the illustrious dead. This he said, striking his breast, to signify that it was his own death he meant. Yes! yes! yes! said each of his brothers in turn. Meanwhile, poor Yung-tswun, seated close by the small windows under the eaves, could hear all the deliberations. Her worst fears were realised; she found these meetings were to consider how best to get rid of her good-for-nothing husband. Her position in the house as the wife of such a man was very hard, but it would be harder still as the widow of such a disreputable character. She heard them all say, "He is of no use; we must kill him." They talked of putting his neck under the great straw-cutter, and decapitating him on the threshing-floor. They spoke of running long pins into his eyes so deep that they would kill him. They proposed carrying him to the sea-coast, rolling him up in matting, and dropping him from a boat into the bay. No decision was arrived at, but only die he must for the sake of the reputation of the family. Yung-tswun's heart stood still with horror when she heard all these plans proposed. She did not blame her father-in-law or think him cruel and wicked; she knew it was the law of China that life and death was in the hands of the head of the family; that, when it was apparent that Goh-goh was not fit to live, it was quite meritorious to kill him and rid the world of such a good-for-nothing.

More dead than alive, Yung-tswun scrambled down from the perch and went in search of her son Shing-ping, who was now a tall strong young man of eighteen. She told him all she had heard. The boy at once said, "Mother, let us all go away; we cannot be more miserable, and they will be only too glad to get rid of us. And oh, mother! what a dreadful life you will have if they kill him, and you are a widow. I will not be able to protect you." Poor boy! even now he was often very cruelly treated because of his father's wickedness. Yung-tswun also suffered severely because she was the wife of such a bad man.

They resolved to go that very night, so Yung-tswun gave Shing-ping all the jewellery she possessed, and also a few of her best garments. "Sell them," she said; "you will get for them money enough for our wants on the journey." Yung-tswun retired to her room, and quietly packed up all their clothing. Shing-ping, while the family were at supper, carried it out to a lonely road, where he had a hired mule

waiting. Into one of the great panniers he packed the household treasures. By-and-by, Yung-tswun came, leading Shing-kiang, and followed by Goh-goh, whom they had frightened into going. Little Shing-kiang was safely deposited in the empty pannier; then they were hoisted on to the back of the mule. Shing-ping spread a thick quilt on the wooden saddle, where the panniers rested. On to this seat he lifted his mother, and when all was properly balanced, Shing-ping took the rein, and off they set.

After a weary journey, climbing over hills and splashing through streams, they reached a distant town, where, in various ways, the woman and her son toiled and worked most industriously. Shing-ping, by degrees, established himself as a vendor of street dainties. His mother cooked various kinds of meat, according to the season, and Shing-ping, always up early and good-natured, took them out to sell. When the rain fell in torrents, and the streets became rivers of liquid mud, the people, unwilling to venture out, were glad to hear the rattle of Shing-ping's metal gong, and knew that he would soon appear with his excellent victuals. Thus, on wet days, he could sell twice as much as he could when the streets were dry and the sun shining. So he put on a pair of untanned pigskin shoes, a straw waterproof, that gave him the appearance of a walking hayrick, crowned by an immense straw hat as large as an umbrella, from which the rain ran in streams. In this garb, and with his eatables laid on clean trays and protected by oil-cloth, Peaceful Heart trudged all day through the streets of Wei Hien. His trays were slung at the ends of a long pole placed across his shoulders. When his viands were hot he kept them to boiling-point by means of a small charcoal furnace suspended under the metal tray or cauldron pot. Whenever he set down his goods, the children crowded round, with always a fringe of Pariah dogs, sniffing, attracted by the steaming cauldron. Being so industrious and obliging, he became a great favourite, and year by year increased his gains.

Once only he made a journey to his native place, to bury his father. Goh-goh had behaved a great deal better in his new home, and spent his time in splitting wood and feeding the furnace, while his wife cooked. One day his seat was vacant, the fire was out, and Goh-goh lay on his stove bed, dressed in his very best clothes, new shoes, a new hat, and a beautifully embroidered tobacco-pouch, filled with the finest tobacco, beside a fine new pipe, all with the hopes of making a good impression on entering the world of shades. His son, Shing-ping, conveyed him to the family graveyard, and laid him with his fathers. The family went with Goh-goh's remains to the burial-ground, fired off the charge of crackers that Shing-ping supplied; but they were very shy of him, being afraid that he would demand a portion of the expenses. Shing-ping, seeing this want of friendship, returned home without remaining one night under the ancestral roof.

Peaceful Heart did not wish his brother to become an itinerant vendor, so, after long consultation with his mother, he resolved that Shing-kiang should become a scholar. He was a good, diligent boy, and dutiful to his mother and brother. He learned so fast that his teacher became quite proud of him, and, after a few years, recommended his enrolling himself as a candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Arts at the district examination. A great many students

went together to the competitive examination at the departmental city.

The students were very diligent till all the papers were written and given in to the judicial examiners. Then they had a great feast. At the feast a great many stories were related, tales of horror being most popular. One tale was told of a large palace near the city, where once had lived a mandarin of very high rank. This man had been obliged to retire from office for two years to mourn his mother's death. During this season of retirement, at a feast, he was poisoned by a rival.

The house was declared haunted. No man ever slept in that palace for one night but came out next day a raving lunatic. All the adventures that could be conjured up regarding haunted houses were told of that palace. How men had, by twos and threes, gone to spend the night in the Yü-whong-foo, but had always to flee before midnight, being frightened by the noises of the preparations for a great feast.

A general challenge was given to discover who was bravest. All the students who knew those who had formerly tried the haunted house were afraid to attempt a night there, but our young scholar Shing-kiang, who had no belief in such absurdities, declared himself quite prepared to sleep that night in Yü-whong-foo. This resolution was received with loud huzzas. The conditions were at once decided: that half an hour before sunset Peaceful River, with six of his friends, should explore the palace and grounds of the Yü-whong-foo, also all its courts and gardens, to be sure that no one was concealed therein.

Punctually at the hour the friends assembled, and with many shouts and much laughter they examined the whole place, but discovered nothing except a number of bats in an old chair-house, and a colony of rabbits in a disused stable. Surely such a lively company never passed through these halls and galleries. So much real merriment was enough to frighten away any haunting spirit. Just as the sun set the six friends bade good night to Shing-kiang at the large entrance-gate.

He resolved to pass the night in a small apartment called a "Ting-tsi," his only company being a book and a tobacco-pipe. The Ting-tsi was a small square apartment, built on pillars partly over a lovely little lakelet. On one side of this lakelet was a fine esplanade, with steps of white marble leading to the water, the favourite resort of the Chinese beauties of a bygone time, who here would amuse themselves feeding the tame fishes, who would come to the chirrup of the dark-eyed Chinese ladies. The room had on three sides beautiful fretwork windows, and on the fourth it communicated with the house by two short flights of steps, one on either side of a long sideboard, in the centre of which was a small shrine, where sat in state the now neglected household gods. The other furniture of the room consisted of four square tables; along the wall were placed ten handsome square-backed chairs, five on either side, and between each of the chairs a small teapoy.

Our hero carefully closed the two doors, trimmed the red candles, and drew a chair to one of the tables. He sat down, took out his pipe and tobacco-pouch, his flint and steel, his fire paper, and for some time took great enjoyment in smoking. After a time he remembered his book, and read a page or two. He could hear the watchman outside the high wall strike his bamboo; it only wanted half an hour till midnight. Shing-kiang read on. Suddenly he found

himself terribly wide awake, and as if under a spell. The two doors were opened, servants went about laying the tables for a feast. The odours of the finest viands seemed to come from the hall below; all the bustle and confusion attending preparation for a great feast was going on around him. Presently the servants spread a crimson embroidered cloth over each of the chairs. Then the guests entered, six men of noble bearing and most intellectual faces, each wearing the dark-red button of very high rank. All the grand ceremonies that must be the preliminary of a great feast in China were gone through. At length the guests found their proper places, and the servants placed our hero at one of the tables. The feast began with tea and confections, the tea served in finest porcelain cups, with saucers of silver. The viands were excellent, all through the long list of dainties so appetising to a Chinaman's palate, from the eggs that were just disinterred from the pine-trees, where they had been buried for a hundred years; shark's fins, boiled to a jelly; reindeer's sinews, equally soft; down to the rich birds'-nest soup. Wines of the finest bouquet, drunk hot, were poured out at intervals during the feast. At last there appeared seven servants, each bearing a box of most beautiful wood, highly polished. The boxes were placed on the sideboard, disclosing an interior lined with blue satin, and each box contained a gold cup of most costly workmanship. These cups were in shape like a lotus flower, and their stands were of beautifully-veined agate. The peculiarity of the cups was that when they were filled with wine, and each guest raised his cup in his hand to drink a toast, the servants removed the agate stands, and unless the cup was drained to the bottom it could not be set down, as the only position in which it could stand was on its mouth. And when thus placed, the exquisite beauty of the workmanship could be seen to the best advantage.

The last toast was drunk, and the guests began to rise. The first thing the servants did was to fit the gold cups to their stands and deposit them each in its own case. Six of the cups were thus carefully placed, but of the seventh the servant put into the box only the agate stand. The massive gold cup so richly engraved he deposited in the wide-flowing sleeve of our hero.

When the feast was cleared away, the servants departed, the doors closed, and everything as it had been at first, Shing-kiang began to feel how strange the whole thing was. At intervals during the feast he had put out his hand to touch his neighbour, but it encountered only space.

The watchman again beat his gong under the wall; it was past three o'clock. Shing-kiang rubbed his eyes, looked at the expiring candles, involuntarily felt his sleeve, and lo! there was the gold cup. He could just see the glitter of its burnished brim, that looked like twining serpents. Gradually the morning light stole in, and there before him sparkled the beautiful gold cup, so rich and heavy, he was afraid to touch it. What could it all mean? The doors were closed, as when Peaceful River began his vigil. The windows all were barred. He carefully scanned the floor—there was no trace of recent footprints. Yet he almost fancied he heard the echo of the steps of the retreating servants, and there, in all the glory of the most elaborate engraving, lay the gold cup. The seal characters engraved on its side showed it was imperial, and had belonged to a famous emperor. Shing-kiang shook himself, pinched himself, yet the

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vision would not go. Solidly lay the gorgeous cup, and he knew that if found in his possession his head would be the penalty.

The dawn was just passing into day, and brilliant gleams of gold and crimson shot up where the sun would rise, the signal for his companions to await him. Hark! they are knocking at the great gate! Peaceful River rapidly unties his girdle, and running it through the handle of the cup, he fastened it to his arm, just at the turn of his elbow, the long loose sleeve of his scholar's robe completely concealing it. Hark again, the knocking! his friends are getting impatient. Quickly he takes off the ponderous bar that fastens the great double-leaved door. His friends greet him with uproarious merriment. He is here! He is all right! No appearance of the dreaded lunacy, but instead a grave and determined look. All the wit and raillery of his friends cannot draw from him one word of explanation. Then they take to questioning him. Had he slept? No. Had he seen anything? Oh! nothing very particular. Were the stories true? Partly. Nothing more definite would he say, for was not the cup hanging heavy on his arm? So the palace got into more repute than ever as a haunted place. Peasants who came to the town fairs would stand and stare up at the lofty white walls, and at the wu-toong trees that towered above the beautiful stone-coping carved out like lace-work.

Shing-kiang conveyed his oppressive treasure to his home. His friends constantly said he had never looked the same since he had passed the night in the haunted palace. His mother watched him with unceasing interest. The gold cup oppressed him like a chronic nightmare. His pillow, an oblong square, and stiff almost as a block of wood, he thought would be a secure place in which to hide it. So he undid one corner, and letting out the wheat-straw with which it was stuffed, he placed the cup securely in the centre, then in and around he packed the straw till the cup was entirely concealed. He then fastened up the sewing, and the pillow looked exactly as it had done before, only of course it felt heavy. Yet that could be accounted for, the Chinese often take a stone for a pillow, and Peaceful River might have put a brick into his. When the pillow was put into its place all right, he felt comparatively at his ease. He could leave his home with safety, no longer pursued with the haunting dread of detection. At night also he could sleep in peace, for was not his "skeleton" under his head? No busy fingers or prying eyes could find it there. Alas! only for a short time he felt secure. The straw soon began to slip off the cup, and its outline could be seen and felt quite distinctly. His brother Peaceful Heart said, "Whatever is this that you have got in your pillow? Of one thing I am certain, it is not a bag of gold, for we never can keep money long enough to get an affection for it."

Here was a new difficulty, so he kept at home for a great many days, and worked at his studies, afraid to trust the treacherous pillow out of his sight. He was held up as a model student by all the teachers in the town. Shing-kiang laughed when he thought that the cup made him study so hard.

Winter, with his frost and snow and blustering winds, passed away; the weather became hot, so Yung-tswun told him to roll up his large, thick coverlet and the thin mattress on which he lay. "Oh!" thought he; "here is a fine opportunity to hide the dreadful cup for six months." Into the

centre of his bedding he put it, sewed most carefully in his small mattress, while his large quilt or *bey* was rolled on the outside and sewed with equal care.

"Now," he sang, in a kind of "Gloria"—"now I shall be free from the haunting dread of the cup," and his head felt more secure on his shoulders than it had done for some months. Now he could go out to fly his kite, for in China men fly kites while boys look on. He even ventured on a game of shuttlecock; he was the most expert player in the town, and as, first heel and then toe, he kept the shuttlecock flying, he half forgot his anxieties.

Alas! this could not last. One day he got home just in time to find the old tailor that his mother had engaged to repair his bedding making the first rip at the bale that enclosed his *bête noir*. He quickly offered to unpick the bale of bedding, and sent the tailor off on an errand till he extracted the cup. So long as this golden horror was insecure he felt himself a doomed man.

The dread of one of the emperor's cups being discovered in his possession kept Shing-kiang so close to his books, and he studied so hard, that at each of the examinations where he presented himself he came out first, and the doors of his friends were constantly decorated with the gigantic red placards in which Chinese scholars announce their successes. Being so well known in his native province of Shantung, he was often invited by rich men to feasts, but the fear of the cup made him refuse. "No," he said, "I cannot go; I prefer to read books." And his friends said, "No wonder he takes all the degrees."

The more that he rose into notice the more anxiously did he guard his secret, for he knew that his great success had raised a feeling of jealousy in the hearts of his less successful rivals. Wherever he journeyed the cup was a care to him; he dared not leave it behind. Once he tried to bury it, but unfortunately he wrapped it up in a piece of undressed sheepskin, which was smelt by a hungry dog, and Shing-kiang came out of his study just in time to prevent the cur from disinterring the whole thing.

After passing all the competitive examinations in the provinces, Shing-kiang, with his brother's consent, prepared to go to Peking. He travelled twelve days in a large cart before he reached that El Dorado of a Chinaman, the imperial city of Peking. There also, with his usual success, he passed the necessary colleges, and became a Chang-yuen. Now he stood at the highest point to which a Chinese scholar's ambition can rise. He was eligible for any office in the whole empire. He was spoken of as a prodigy, and the attention of the various boards of the Chinese Empire was drawn to the great genius. He was now, indeed, a great man; he could sell his autograph in an album for a large sum of money, and millionaires were constantly importuning him to become their son-in-law, so that the lustre of his name might regild their gold with the much-desired stamp of literature. As he became known, he was found to be as wise as he was learned, and full of the modesty of true greatness.

At this time one of the members of the Ne-kü (Inner Council, or Grand Secretariat) died very suddenly. The affairs of the empire were in a critical state, and it was at once resolved to put Shing-kiang into the vacant office. He was to be received at a feast given in honour of the new member. Shing-kiang took the precaution to carry with him the gold cup, concealed in his robe. Everything happened

just as it had done in the old palace of Yü-whong-foo. The same attention to ceremony, the same protestations by each man, that he felt himself the meanest in the room; all the mock humility that must be shown before the guests can be shaken into their right places, although each man before he came into the room knew exactly his proper position. They are at length seated at the four tables: one at the table at the head of the room, the Chairman of the August Board; two at each of the remaining tables. The aromatic-scented tea in the delicate china cups, with exquisite silver saucers; confections on gold plate; then the choice dainties that tempt Chinese palates. Pages went round at intervals with a golden basin containing hot water for the fingers of the guests and the refined hot wine of exquisite flavour.

Then comes the final cup, when the new member is to be pledged. The seven servants appear bearing the boxes to the sideboard. The blue satin lining shimmers in the torchlight, the cups are taken out, a panic seizes the servants; they rush hither and thither, as if in search of something. Wang-shing-kiang is nearest the sideboard. He says, "Do not fear; place the cups." One by one the gorgeous gold cups glitter on the board, each seeming by its own radiance to light up the portion of the table where it is placed. Six are placed, and the seventh servant, whose hands are empty, threw himself on the floor and began to strike his forehead on the marble pavement. Shing-kiang stood up, and taking the gold cup from his robe, he placed it on the agate stand.

All present, guests and servants, looked on in utter amazement, while Wang-shing-kiang said, "But for that cup I should never have attained to this honourable position." He told his wondering auditors the story of the cup. The servants all crowded round; they had heard of the haunted palace of the Yü-whong-foo of Shan-tung, and now all men said the gods wish to preserve the empire when they give into the hands of the member we have chosen the gold cup, and by its means secured his unceasing application to study.

The members of the Ne-kö board petitioned the emperor, and all the lands belonging to the Yü-whong-foo, and the palace itself, were given to Wang-shing-kiang; also an imperial grant of fifty thousand ounces of silver was given to repair the palace. When we last saw it the whole place was in the highest style of the art that the Chinese admire. It flashed in the sunlight, in crimson and green and gold, and the only spirit that now seemed to haunt the place was the ringing laughter of little children.

We visited the present generations of the family. The aged grandmother of eighty-three tried to see us through her faded eyes, while the sweet young maiden of seventeen served with a lovely grace the dainties with which they supplied us. They all insisted that the story of the gold cup was true; and in proof of this took me to see two beautiful blocks of brown marble placed at either side of the great library door, and supporting the massive pillars of white marble. On each of these pedestals is carved in relief a cup in the form of a gigantic lotus flower, with two twining stems going round the brim, and curving down to form a handle. This is the representation of "The Gold Cup," the Holy Grail of the family. The marbles are evidently very old, and time is effacing the carving, but the legend of the cup will not be forgotten by the posterity of Wang-shing-kiang.

I went to see the grave of this great man, who afterwards became prime minister of China. It is a large square of two or three acres, enclosed by a fine wall, and shaded by two rows of lofty cedar-trees, one row planted inside the wall and one outside. All around there are numerous yew-trees. It lies on the side of a hill, overlooking a beautiful bay, studded with rocky islands, perhaps the loveliest spot that I in my many wanderings have ever seen. The old man has slept for over four hundred years under a large mound. At the south end of the enclosure, in front of the mound, is a stone altar, with engraved stone incense-pots. Time has been busy effacing the engraving, and yet beautifying the old stones with soft, many-coloured mosses.

At the entrance on the north side is a large gateway, or *pei low*, of white marble: it has three arches. On either side of the gateway, forming an avenue or pathway up to the grave, are placed two lofty marble pillars, exquisitely and elaborately carved; then two lions, two rams, two horses with saddles and housings, finely carved from one stone; then two attendants in robes and hats. These are all larger than lifesize, the men being ten feet high at least.

Around lie his descendants for all these generations. At the last feast of lanterns it was illuminated with over two hundred lamps, all of most brilliant colours. Hundreds of rockets were sent up as visitors to the departed, and in a general way to illumine the pathway of any vagrant souls suspended in upper air. The solemn old yew-trees were all lit up with the glare, and the descendants of the prime minister looked ghastly in the green and yellow lights that accompanied the flashing of the crackers and their surrounding smoke.

** We are indebted to Mrs. Alexander Williamson, wife of the well-known and devoted missionary in China, for this curious story, translated by her from a very old Chinese book. The title of the book is "The Twenty-four Examples of Filial Piety." Mrs. Williamson sent her translation to Dr. Legge, the learned Professor of Chinese at Oxford, from whose letter in reply we give an extract:—

"I have looked over my own Chinese library, and the books in the Bodleian, and a few others here in Oxford, if perchance I might come on the book from which you translated the interesting story of 'The Cup of Gold.' I am sorry I have not found a copy of it, though in reading your translation there have been echoes in the caves of memory, as if I had read the story in years gone by.

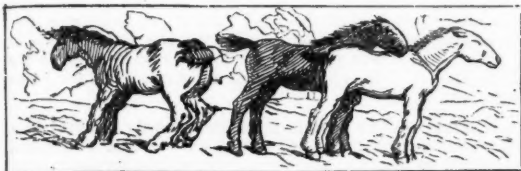
"If I could have had the Chinese original before me, I would have ventured to propose some changes in your mode of representing proper names. Possibly I might also here and there have wished to alter the translation a little. But that the singular narrative of 'The Cup of Gold' is correctly translated I have no doubt. The descriptions which it contains of Chinese ways and manners are according to the actual truth; that filial piety is the first of the virtues; that learning is the path to distinction; that Heaven confers its blessings on the filial and their posterity—these are axioms of Chinese morality which the story well illustrates. It is not often that an element of such romance enters so largely into a Chinese tale; but that filial piety moves heaven and earth and all spirits is a thing celebrated by the Chinese in prose and verse from the earliest times."

THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.



THE wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a madcap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!"
So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Cracking the signs and scattering down
Shutters; and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges trundled about;
And the urchins that stand with their thievish eyes
For ever on watch, ran off each with a prize.



Then away to the field it went, blustering and humming,
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming;
It plucked by the tails the grave matronly cows,
And tossed the colts' manes all about their brows;
Till, offended at such an unusual salute,
They all turned their backs, and stood sulky and mute.
So on it went capering and playing its pranks:
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveller grave on the king's highway.
It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags;
'Twas so bold, that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig or the gentleman's cloak.

But the wind had swept on, and had met in a lane
With a schoolboy, who panted and struggled in vain;
For it tossed him and twirled him, then passed, and he stood
With his hat in a pool and his shoes in the mud.

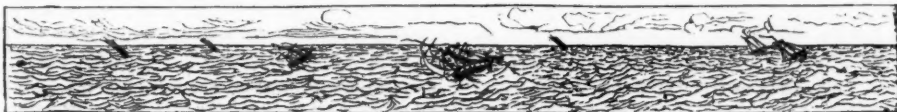
Through the forest it roared, and cried, gaily,
"Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
Or it cracked their great branches through and
through.



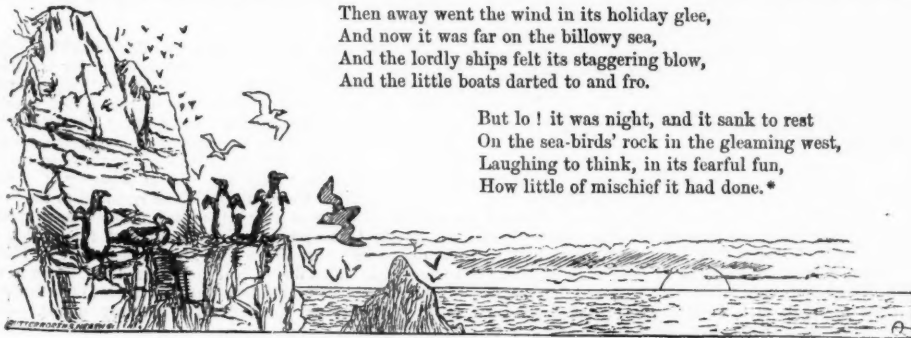
Then it rushed like a monster on cottage and farm,
Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm;
And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm;
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;



The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;
There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on,
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.



Then away went the wind in its holiday glee,
And now it was far on the billowy sea,
And the lordly ships felt its staggering blow,
And the little boats darted to and fro.



But lo! it was night, and it sank to rest
On the sea-birds' rock in the gleaming west,
Laughing to think, in its fearful fun,
How little of mischief it had done.*

* From the *Child's Companion*, "the oldest and one of the best of children's magazines."

Varieties.

COCOA versus BEER.—Referring to the opening of the eighteenth cocoa-house in Liverpool, being at the rate of one a month since the floating of the British Workman Public-house Company, the "Liverpool Mercury" says:—From a few statistics put forward by Mr. Robert Lockhart, the chairman of the company, we are inclined to think that the publicans must prepare for a competition as strong as it is legitimate. During last week alone there were sold in the seventeen houses then open 4,756 gallons of cocoa, 4,100 gallons of coffee, 540 gallons of tea, and 47,238 pieces of bread. Now, it is only fair to assume that if these cocoa-rooms had not been in existence the great bulk of their customers would have found their way into the nearest public-houses, with the usual consequences. The amount of cash taken by the company during the week was £598. This is a large sum, representing nearly £40 per house, but it appears still larger in presence of the fact that very few of the sales exceed one penny in amount, whilst a vast number are represented by the modest sum of one halfpenny. So successful have been the operations of the company that the directors expect as a result of the current year's working to wipe off a large percentage of the cost of fitting up the houses, and, in addition, to pay the shareholders not less than 10 per cent.

TURKISH MISRULE IN PALESTINE.—The people [of Palestine] are oppressed, are wronged; there is no feeling of security for property or person, no justice, no honesty among the officials. Bribery and corruption, according to our meaning of the terms, are mild words to use towards the infamous means by which money is extorted from the poor. And, unfortunately, the maladministration commences from the top; no Pasha could afford to be honest; no Governor-General could venture to be just. The whole organism of the country lies on a rotten foundation, which is constantly being under-pinned by the fortunes and lives of the Christians, and often by those of the Moslems, who have not been sufficiently wily to avoid getting into difficulties; but nothing will ever make that rotten foundation solid—based as it is on the Turk's view, that the Christians and Jews cannot be admitted to an equal position in the country with the followers of the Prophet. The Moslem religion has entered on a phase which will admit of no prosperity in the land. . . . Nothing is taught but the art of misrule, for Moslem fortunes are in the hand of the barbarous Turk. . . . It is not the Christian alone of Syria that the Turk oppresses; the Arab Moslem is, if not equally, yet most hardly used. Many a time have the Arab Moslems said to me, "When will you take this country, and rid us of our oppressors? Anything is better than their rule." . . . The Turk can never govern Palestine well; and until he departs the country must remain half desert, half prison; for it is his policy to leave it so; he wants it to continue impoverished, so that it may not tempt the cupidity of stronger nations. . . . No improvement can be made till the Turk departs.—*Captain Warren's "Underground Jerusalem."*

INVESTMENTS IN THE FUNDS IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—The public funds of this country are held by somewhat less than 250,000 persons. The number of persons entitled to dividends from the funds was, for 1872, 237,616; 1873, 233,749; 1874, 228,696. According to the "Statesman's Year Book" for 1876, the number of holders of French Rentes in 1871 was 1,269,739, and the Annual Rentes held by them 386,222,000*f*. In 1875 the number of holders had risen to 4,380,933, and the amount to 748,404,000*f*. While, therefore, the French Rentes have doubled in amount since 1871, the number of holders has nearly quadrupled. In England the aggregate number of holders of public stock is continually decreasing. A reference to the details of the figures will also show that the large holders of stock are increasing in number, and that the decrease is confined to small holders.

RITUALISM IN INDIA.—"An Old Soldier" says, in a letter to "The Rock," that when the first Puseyite chaplain appeared in Southern India, although he had not developed into the full Ritualism of the present day, so strange did his antics seem that people charitably thought that he was "cracked." In due time, however, he was found to be in possession of all the faculties with which by nature he was endowed, and men became impatient of what were then irritating and repulsive novelties. "A wing of, I think, H.M. 56th Regiment had to

attend the church in which this man officiated. The soldiers for a time bore it patiently, until one Sunday such extravagant mimicry was perpetrated that the whole body of them rose in disgust, went out of the church, fell into their ranks, and standing respectfully at 'attention,' waited to be marched to their barracks. Of course the incident was the next day's wonder and subject of conversation and conjecture. What would be done to the soldiers? The Commander-in-Chief of the Army was also Governor of Madras, both appointments being held by that noble-hearted true soldier, and wise-headed just ruler, the late Marquis of Tweeddale, who speedily put an end to all speculation as to consequences. As Commander-in-Chief, he could not bring the chaplain to a court-martial under the admirable articles of war, which comprehend all offences contrary to good order and military discipline; but as Governor he forthwith removed him to a station where there were no European soldiers. A pious clergyman, whose name, if I remember right, was Rowlandson, was appointed to the soldiers' church; no more was heard of the march out on Sunday; and her Majesty's 56th Regiment—if I am right in the number—under the command of Colonel Jones, remained in the same state of high discipline and good order in which it was before his men showed that they had consciences to be respected. Something very similar happened with the Rifle Brigade in Upper India, where the men obediently marched up to the Ritualistic church door, and respectfully stood in their ranks outside it."

WASTRELS.—The terrible mortality recently reported in a metropolitan orphanage—402 out of 480 children having died—has led to inquiries, and comparisons with other institutions. The most remarkable instance of good management and its result was shown in Miss Rye's Home for destitute children, Avenue House, High Street, Peckham. The children there are not infants, as in the Carlisle orphanage, but the contrast as to mortality is still striking. Miss Rye says:—"We have had in this house, with between 300 and 400 children through the Home—children of all ages, and always brought in in a half-starved and semi-nude condition—we have never yet, thank God! had one death. You will probably say, 'But what of the mortality in Canada? your children only remain in your London Home a short time.' True; in Canada in six years, out of 1,100 children, we have had fifteen deaths, and of these six accidental, more than realising Dr. Richardson's hypothetical Hygeiopolis."

AMERICAN ENGLISH.—In the article on Americanisms in the January "Leisure Hour," the writer affirmed that, on the whole, the English tongue was purer in the new country, where the almost unintelligible provincial dialects of Old England are unknown. Some years ago, the American Minister, the late Mr. Reverdy Johnson, distributed the prizes awarded by the Birkbeck Institute to pupils of both sexes. After commenting, as he was in duty bound, on the importance of feminine culture, and also awarding the usual compliments to the memory of Lord Brougham and Dr. Birkbeck, Mr. Reverdy Johnson, speaking of America and England, with a touch of true American humour—not the less humorous because what he said may have had its truth—went on to remark that "not only are our institutions identical, but we speak the same language; and although we speak it better than you do, we understand each other, and by-and-by you will be able to speak the language as well as we do."

REAPPEARANCE OF AN EXTINCT PLANT.—The mines of Laurium, which gave rise recently to much lively diplomatic discussion, are generally known to be largely encumbered with scoriae, proceeding from the working of the ancient Greeks, but still containing enough of silver to repay extraction by the improved modern methods. Professor Hendreich relates, according to *L'Union Médicale*, that under these scoriae, for at least 1,500 years, has slept the seed of a poppy of the species *Glaucium*. After the refuse had been removed to the furnaces, from the whole space which they had covered have sprung up and flowered the pretty yellow corollas of this flower, which was unknown to modern science, but is described by Pliny and Dioscorides. This flower had disappeared for fifteen to twenty centuries, and its reproduction at this interval is a fact parallel to the fertility of the famous "mummy wheat."—*London Medical Record*.

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